



LONI ELLEN KRICK

OB9187

SCI Muncy, PA 17756

Contact At:

Smart Communications/PADOC

Loni Kirck / OB9187

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Loni began her life sentence at the age of 29 on November 22, 1992.

Hometown: Fleetwood, PA

EDUCATION

Before prison:

- High School Diploma, 1981
- Pace Institute, courses in computers and word processing
- Attended school for one year towards an LPN

At Muncy:

- Horticulture degree
- Computer Aided Drafting and Design
- Many courses in Accounting, Microsoft, Windows, and Data Entry
- Type 116 wpm
- Spanish courses
- Braille courses
- Flagg's Course
- Business & Technology Courses (continuing education)
- Money Smart

WORK HISTORY

- Floor Person in sewing factory: Responsible for moving the work around and kept track in three separate rooms
- Tutor: Accounting, word processing, Windows, and learned to reformat entire computer systems
- Unit Details-clean showers, toilets, sweep and mop areas
 - *Due to several physical problems, I have not been able to work from time to time.
- Lawn Maintenance and Flower Growth and Placement
- Peer Facilitator

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GROUPS AND PROGRAMS COMPLETED

- Grief Share
- Violence Prevention
- Anger Management
- 1st and 2nd year Spanish Courses
- Healthy Relationships
- Outpatient Abuse Survivors
- Numerous lifer programs and groups attended
- Self Esteem
- Choices
- Victim Awareness
- Project Hope
- Impact of Crime
- Pathways to Success

COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT

- Create Word Search & Crossword Puzzles
- Crocheted and painted projects for outside groups
- Participated in Christmas and Easter programs
- Interact with KAIROS and various church programs with outside groups
- Bible Studies with 11 different groups (ongoing participation)
- Co-developer of my Instagram - instagram@lonikrick – (no spaces, small letters)
- American Writers Project Association – creation of a newsletter
- Cancer Support Group
- "Influence: A Film in Verse"; Shining Light Productions. Premiered in April 2025 at the Athens International Film and Video Festival. Loni's story "My Lucky Peepers" was the catalyst for her inclusion in this film.

ACTIVITIES DEPARTMENT and PHYSICAL EXERCISE PROGRAMS

- Guitar class
- Over 50 Fitness
- Wellness Walking
- Softball
- Pickleball
- Volleyball
- Walk-a-Thons
- Paws Walks

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INMATE ORGANIZATIONS

- PA Lifers Organization, member
- Muncy Inmate Organization, member

SPIRITUALITY

- Born Again Church member
- KAIROS
- Grief Share
- Choir Member
- Participant in plays and chorus performances
- Participate in bible trivia challenges
- Criminon of Maine – 8 Course Curriculum
- Yokefellowship
- Fish Member
- Dozens of completed bible studies from Across US
- Over 150+ Bible studies completed

AWARDS AND SPECIAL RECOGNITION

- Computer Aided Drafting and Design
- Horticulture: Top of Class and Perfect Attendance
- Numerous Accounting and Computer Program certificates
- The Healing Journey

2025 HEALTH REPORT

I have been diabetic now for 48+ years with only 1 kidney since birth. I've been dealing with Parkinson's for nine years. My problems deal with balance issues and cognitive functions which continue to worsen. I use a cane constantly and a wheelchair for distances. I had Bilateral Corporal Tunnel surgeries done last year. Currently I'm facing tests for gall bladder issues – waiting to have it removed. I've been having a plethora of symptoms, especially pain.

PUBLICATIONS

- A Lifer's Legacy, www.lairdcarlson.com
- "My Lucky Peeper", LC, July/August 2016
- Several poems in anthologies
- [instagram@lonikrick](https://www.instagram.com/lonikrick) – (no spaces, small letters)

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REENTRY PLAN

My Church is behind me in all I do. When I leave here, I have a job, a place to live, a car, a laptop, a phone, and all I could need. I would like to work for the Liberation Foundation, volunteer at animal shelters, and do motivational speaking. Last but not least, I just want to go fishing.

WHERE TO TURN

By: Loni E. Krick / OB9187
Written: 1985

A single soul search for a peace,
endlessly looking for rest.
Upheaval all around my soul,
and nowhere to turn.
Sometimes, too little seems worthwhile,
and too much seems useless.
To find the strength to carry on,
is in itself a struggle.
Yet, somehow, I know that I'll get by.
What little faith I have in me now
will see me through this all.
I will go on; I must go on;
for my life is in God's hands.
He holds me close; He'll see me through;
for my love in Him stands strong.
Whatever he chooses for me ahead
I know that I'll never have to bear it alone:
for He is with me always,
To help me see it through.

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THE WOMAN I AM NOW

The woman I am now has much stronger morals and can handle responsibilities better. I have persevered and grown from many physical problems and recovered from several surgeries. I appreciate every day and assisting others. I am closer to God than ever before and try to live every day being more and more like God's child. I appreciate what my mind can do and love to continue learning all new things. I am humble, with the awe and wonderment of a child. I can do things like crochet, build things, work on lawns, work on cars, repair and rebuild computers, work in a greenhouse, do braille and sign language, and make Word Search and Crossword Puzzles. I want to learn so much more and go fishing!

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A Lifer's Legacy

By Loni E. Krick

Someone bought me a ticket and threw me on a ride,
But there's no getting off till the day I die.
Endlessly spinning, circling and spiraling;
A sick merry-go-round, of sorts.
The ride is fast, never slowing for anyone
It just keeps on going, year after year.
The rumors, the lies, the playing and all;
Till you just can't take anymore.
There's hustling and promises that never come true.
There's caring and sharing from hearts made of
stone.
There are so many games and stories to hear,
That you just can't tell if anyone's sincere.
Little by little, you lose all your wits,
And find yourself trapped, a part of the ride.
You get on unwillingly, trying to get off,
But you find yourself helping to give it a turn.
You are part of that merry-go-round,
A horse that cannot move,
As everyone rides you and you dance to a tune.
Is there no end to this madness in here?
Or do I just keep on spinning,
Till the ride is me, too?
I'm tired of fighting to get off this ride.
So I'll just sit back, close my eyes, and
hide in this system of fear.

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My Lucky Peepers

I want to tell you this story about a bird I had for a brief time last spring, even though I wouldn't call him my pet. I've been in prison for the past 24 years, and we aren't allowed pets. But one day I saw a tiny baby robin lying on the sidewalk. Three feral cats were circling this injured bird, waiting to pounce. I walked over and scooped him into my pocket. His leg was obviously broken and he could not fly yet.

When I brought him to my room, I was totally lost as to what to do with him – he looked so frail and weak. I made some plain oatmeal and mixed in peanut butter and a cereal bar. With the tip of my finger, I fed him some every half hour. For water I used an old eyedropper, and I made a nest out of my old T-shirts. I named him Lucky Peepers. Each day I cuddled with him and encouraged him. I used my personal belongings to create a jungle gym so he could learn to grasp things.

A couple of days after Lucky Peepers was with me, I fell asleep with him on my chest. When I woke up he had snuggled up on my throat. From then on, he slept right there every night.

In just one week, Lucky Peepers had more than doubled in size. His leg healed, he grew, and he learned to fly easily. He also learned to eat and drink for himself. He greeted me every time I came into my room by chirping and flying to my shoulder. I had promised him that once he could fly to the top bunk in my room, I would set him free. On Sunday, I walked into my room and found him perched on the top bunk. He flew over, landed on my head, and sat there chirping away. So, I knew it was time.

Later that day when I went to chapel, I snuck him out of my room. I wanted to say goodbye to Lucky Peepers, and we had a very emotional talk as he sat on my finger. Then he flew to the top of the chapel. He has since made his home in a tree next to the chapel. I've spoken to him several times, and he's hopped into my hand. He's found a female, and I'm sure he's had offspring. He has a beautiful, full red breast, and he's never forgotten me. I know I could never forget him. In all my years here, that was the absolute best week of my life, and Lucky Peepers was my favorite companion.

-Loni Krick, Muncy, PA

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